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GAR SQUARE.

## OPENING THE BOOKS.

### HOW CIRCULATION HAS GROWN.

Total number of "WORLD'S" printed

each year under present proprietor-

ship:

1883.....12,235,238

1884.....28,519,787

1885.....51,241,265

1886.....70,126,041

1887.....83,389,828

1888.....104,473,650

1889.....121,906,360

### MULTIPLIED BY TEN.

Average daily circulation during the

first year of the present proprietorship:

1883-83,841.

Average circulation per day during

1889-333,990.

### HOW "WANTS" HAVE GROWN.

Total number of "WANTS" each year

in "THE WORLD" under present

proprietorship:

1883.....86,577

1884.....258,782

1885.....448,793

1886.....425,424

1887.....602,391

1888.....651,941

1889.....702,849

## CASH, CHICAGO.

Chicago bowed and scraped about for

the World's Fair. She got it by putting

voting over a year, wealthier city.

But she did not realize what she was get-

ting. Since she has been in quasi posses-

sion of the Fair the realization that it

was not an idle-handed honor has been

borne in upon the flamboyant town.

To her credit, be it said, she has not

been slow to crawl when she apprehended

the price she had to pay for the privilege

of a World's Fair. The champion of the

Windy City in Chicago admits, dis-

tastefully, that the plans of that howling

town are practically in the air.

Mr. Hirt makes this admission reluc-

tantly and without any desertion on his

part from the city which he has so

warmly backed. He is simply coerced to

the step by hard evidence in the matter.

The most graceful thing Chicago can do

is she is unable to raise the necessary

funds to say so and retire in favor of

some city which can pay the bills, and do

it without taxing the country a penny.

## HELP THEM.

The suggestion of women inspectors

for women workers in factories, mills,

and all large firms of feminine labor, is

in perfect keeping with the best humani-

tarian feeling of the hour. Man is

awakening to a keen sense of the ex-

quisite beauty, as well as the imperative

need of a bond of union, with his fellow-

man. The Brotherhood of Man is the first,

noblest, and most desirable sentiment

that can spring from the natural feeling

of the human heart.

In this sentiment what can more fit-

tly demand a place than a helpful

sympathy for overworked, ill-used, un-

friendly women? Woman is weak. She

is delicate. She is, of her nature, modest

and retiring.

Who can fail to wish this scheme the

fullest success? No right-minded man

or woman. Help the women then to ob-

tain this needed assistance.

## AM, NO! MRS. FLACK.

The case against Sheriff Flack is one in

which the public is concerned with.

The public machinery of justice has been

This is equivalent to a withdrawal of his charges against Principal SOUTHERLAND and Miss LEWIS. In fact, the general opinion of his withdrawal is that he was led to the step by the weakening of his testimony in the case. Mr. TINDALL would seem at the present stage of inquiry to have made grave charges which cannot be substantiated.

Some workmen were recently blown to splinters by attempting to throw out dynamite. The result shows the dynamite was successfully thwarted out. The fate of men who will take such chances as this, with an explosive like dynamite, cannot exact a very intense sympathy.

Whatever the result of the inquiry into the Manhattan Railroad Company's indebtedness to the city. Controller MYERS was right in wishing to have matters explained. There has been a misunderstanding somewhere. At least let that be rectified.

Mr. STEWART'S wines fetched only moderate prices as a rule. This was the best collection the dry-goods prince made. It beat the gallery and the library.

## SPOTLETS.

Stewart's wines went at a rate to make one

wince. If Chicago were only on the day of Fanny

a food might wait for it.

March is a reliable month, anyway.

Price Henry is to be made a Duke. This is no

grand Duchess business in the descending scale.

A city on a bluff cannot be hid. Chicago is in

view.

If they could only turn out upright men as

they do upright places there would be more

harmony in the world.

Thieves attack rooms at the end of the hall.

Then they go out at the end of the hall.

If Chicago can't raise the price that is no reason

for lowering the Fair.

Hush is traditionally the habit of hot and

Jesse, but to have a show discovered in mac-

aron reveals an imported combination.

A new branch of the safe-blowing industry is

to get the company to carefully deposit in the

safe for keeping an explosive package which

does not at any hour get by the burglar. This

is very neat. The real evil burglar doubtless

sends his man to collect the bundle for him.

## POLITICAL ECHOES.

Alderman Louis Schimpf, of the Tenth As-

sembly District, is pleased with the power conferred

with his office to allow couples to Hyman's

house and offices at City Hall wednesday

often than any other member of the new

Board of Aldermen.

The Republican district bosses who are en-

rolled in the army of Platt, of Oswego, will cause

to-night over the organization of the County

Executive Committee to pledge themselves to

elect Jacob M. Patterson as Chairman. The

meeting of the Committee is expected to be held

this week.

There is joy in the Republican organization of

the Tenth Assembly District today. Internal

Revenue Collector Ferdinand Edman takes

office, and the crowds of workers who held

nearly revel with clamorous at Second avenue

and Fifth street, think their dream of official

two is approaching realization.

Police Justice Helen B. Smith has given up

beaten in his fight with Tom Platt. Collector

Edman has withdrawn his support from Smith.

## ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

Frank McCabe is one of the jolliest fellows

of the pastime tribe of Indians. He is best of

all as well as extremely popular, and is rapidly

winning fame as a runner with "stray" qualities.

Robert Preston, Secretary of the Albert Foot-

ball Club, of Jersey City, was presented with

a little girl a few days ago. "Bob" is a good

natured young Scotchman and a lover of foot-

ball. He was one of the organizers of the Albert

and feels proud of the Club's progress.

J. H. O'Brien, Secretary of the Outing and

Athletic Club, is known and liked throughout

the neighborhood where he lives. He is very

patriotic in his work.

E. E. Barnes, the runner of the New Jersey

Athletic Club, is enabled to cover the ground

very rapidly owing to the enormous strides he

takes. He has come to the habit of eating a

great many contests, and cannot break himself

of it.

## WORLDINGS.

Green B. Baum, the Pennac Commissioner, is

a stout, broad-shouldered man, with dark

hair and a broad nose. A correspondent says

that he is 100,000, and will pass through his hands

next year.

France has half as many people as the United

States, but her national debt is twice as great as

ours.

Speaker Reed has a Yankee twang to his voice

and an original way of expressing familiar

names. His nasal drawl is said to be very comi-

cal.

## NOTES OF FASHION.

Sarah Bernhardt is reported going about with

an angel glow of white muslin or silvered

gauze with ruffled bands of pearls, turquoise,

## BABY CULTURE.

The Latest Watchword of the Modern Nursery.

Neil Nelson Tells of the New System for the Bringing Up of Children.

### Sound Sense and Science Used in the Care of Infants.

Baby culture!

That's the watchword of the modern

nursery.

How do you like it?

Isn't it suggestive of barricades, kid

boots, silver rattles, canopy cribs and

sweet lavender?

We have had consecutive attacks of

physical culture, ethical culture, psychic

culture, window culture and home cul-

ture, but the novelty of baby culture

must be admitted as an unlooked-for in-

novation.

You probably were raised and kept in a

warm place like a pan of bread; maybe

you were forced up like a winter rose or

a February onion; perhaps, like priggish

"Pip," you were hand-made, or like the

water babies you tumbled up with Ac-

cident for a nurse, who notched and

pinned your slender legs, bruised and

burnt your tiny hands and turned your

small body into a perfect calendar of dis-

tress.

You were a muslin slip, ate arrowroot,

drank barley water and soothing syrup,

slept on your back, spoiled the subtle

curve of your figure trying to chew up

your toes, and ruined your mouth with

kisses, bread crusts and chicken bones.

Your nervous system was danced and

dandled loose; the shaking, rocking and

swinging you received in the jumper,

cradle and arms of relatives may have more

to do with the present torpor of your

brain than you imagine, and there isn't

the question of a doubt but the sweetness

of your temper was lost in your early

struggles with brass pins, starched frills

and light clothes. If your dear, vain

mamma hadn't made a dandy of you by

keeping you in long curls and short

shoes you might have been more of a

luminary than you are now, and that you

were not born last month or the day be-

fore yesterday is what a local humorist

would call an irrefragable hardship.

Whatever misgiving there may be about

a future life there is a unanimity of feel-

ing among spiritual, medical and in-

tellectual teachers that men live again in

their children, and on the basis of that

doctrine you may be allowed to hope on.

Fact is the vitality of children to gain

what I called at an upshot hospital for

children and asked for a trained baby

nurse.

The person I expected to see didn't ap-

pear. The person who did was a delight,

a slight, straight, restful girl, as bright

and fresh as a sunbeam, with pale pink

cheeks, pale blue eyes, light wavy hair,

and that indefinable, subtle something

that is the charm and stamp of womanly

worth.

She was dressed in blue and white

gingham with white cuffs, a white apron,

a white kerchief and a white cap, and

strange to say, she didn't rattle a particle;

her feet were dressed in flat shoes with

tips of bright patent leather; a little sil-

ver pin held her hair in place, and there

was the faintest odor of orris about her

that gave me a joy throb. To complete

the charm of her personality she was de-

lightfully clean and her voice was as soft

and low as the sweetest you have in

memory.

"Are you Miss Beaulieu?" I asked.

"That's what they call me."

"And what do you call yourself?"

"A baby-culture-ist. You probably

will make harsh work of the compound."

She uttered the "ure" with a delicate

emphasis and a deliberation that gave the

word a delicious sound wholly unex-

pected.

"Yes, it is something of an innovation.

We don't expect to reform the world or

rejuvenate the age, but we most certainly

hope to cultivate baby beauty; to perfect

bodily health, which in itself is beauty;

to prolong the freshness of youth; to

promote the sweetness of living; to

The intelligent gardener has his plants under such excellent control that he grows bouquets to order and forces or holds back a blossom to suit the buyer. With chemicals and flings he can make pink flowers blue, white buds pink, and cream lilies crimson. The plants themselves come from the nurseries. Children are the flowers of humanity, and babies are the buds. We take the buds, and if the curse of heredity is not too deeply grounded, an amazing amount of physical beauty can be evolved by persistent training, regular habits of life, temperance, rest, pure air, proper food and clothing and personal embellishments, by which I mean skill and care in looking after the hair, teeth, nails, muscles and general health of the skin.

"The food, to begin with, must be good, which it can't be if the mother is an idiot; if she eats pickles and candy, ants and pancakes; if she drinks strong coffee and tea, wine and lemonade; if she gads all night and goes to bed with powder and paint on her face; if she lolls about all day in a wrapper and lets her system get out of order for want of proper exercise, proper diet and proper rest. To be sure, we culture-ists can't tell her that her breath is tainted, that her blood is impoverished, that she is injuring the child by even stepping in the morning room with it. We find our way, get the physician to help us, get a wet nurse for the infant or find the best substitute for mother's milk among the prepared foods."

"Evidently you don't believe in the germ theory. Well, I do. Have you ever noticed how many people have sore lips?"

"No, not from cold. They are people who live indoors. Well, whenever you see rough or inflamed lips make up your mind that the cause is a disordered stomach. The breath must of necessity contain impurities, and that is the reason we prohibit, strictly prohibit, kissing, and threaten to discharge or dismiss any intern who blows the child's food to cool it or puts the spoon into her mouth before giving it to the child."

"The hospitals and asylums for children in New York contain more healthy, thrifty and beautiful babies, I really believe, than the same number of well-to-do households can show, for the simple reason that the little ones are left alone, they live methodically, and have more fresh air and comfort than heat and curfew."

"I am a strong advocate of swaddling. If you want an argument, go along Mott, Mulberry, Crosby and Stanton streets, or into the lanes that lead from Macdonald, Thompson and Sullivan streets, where the Greek, Slavonic, Italian and Sicilian mothers live with their lovely children, that are swaddled in quilts, beds of carpets and gunny